Marceline and the Dark Blue-Eyed Teenager

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Marceline and the Dark Blue-Eyed Teenager

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Following their experience in the Glass Kingdom, Marceline and Bonnie just want to relax. One day, she hears a knocking on her door and Marceline recognizes it: the voice of a woman she used to date, a girl with dark-blue eyes, which terrifies her. She is unsure what to make of this development, considering this girl disappeared on her after promising to be with her *forever*, afraid because she thinks this *other* girl is more pretty than Bonnie, who makes a bet of what will happen *if* this girl is prettier than her. It turns out that Marceline was right, but also it is revealed that this girl, who thought she was gone for a couple of months, was actually gone for hundreds of years, which completely devastates her. Can the girl and Marceline get along again... or will this cause strains with Marceline's relationship with Bonnie?

Notes

I was surprised to not see any fics with this ship already, especially since Olivia Olson voices Marceline AND Vanessa! So, this is the first one of that ship on here, from what I'm aware, and I may write others in the future, if you all like this one. I tried to respect the canonicity of bubbline here, because I love them both together. I've had this fic sitting there for a while and I decided to publish this now so it wouldn't be lost in the shuffle as I continue to go through my fic backlog.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update: This fic has also been cross-posted on Squidge World, Quotev, and Wattpad.

See the end of the work for more notes

Marceline and Bonnie were tired. It had only been a few days since they had returned from the Glass Kingdom. It was their hope that everything would stay quiet, at least for a while. They needed to rest and relax. Not everything had to be a battle.

In this respite, Marcy had one task she wanted to accomplish: repairing her ax bass guitar by adding new strings and making it *even more* awesome. While she hyper-focused on this, Bonnie snuggled up next to her, and drank a cup of warm tea, still dressed in her pajamas. On paper, she still led the Candy Kingdom. However, she had delegated most of her former duties to other people and remained a bit of a figurehead at the moment. They enjoyed themselves in their happy bliss. Sadly, it would be, rudely, interrupted *only moments later*.

Rap' rap' rap'! The knocking on the door continued until it suddenly stopped. Marcy thought the person had gone away, then she heard the words "Anyone home? Marceline, are you there?"

A sense of shock flowed across Marcy's face. She'd recognize that voice *anywhere*. It had been forever etched in her mind. She slowly put down her guitar and *started to slink away*. As she began to do so, Bonnie grabbed her arm.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" she asked innocently.

Marcy sighed. She hoped she wouldn't have to introduce Bonnie to…*her*. She had told Bonnie about her a while ago and had burned *all the photographs* of them together, in a rage, after this woman had promised to be with her…and straight-up *disappeared* without a trace, never to return. She felt so hurt, abandoned, and angry she put *more* of her feelings into her music, and ended up playing at a concert, the *same* one where she met Bonnie. While most of those feelings had faded away over the years, the woman's presence threatened to bring them to the surface again.

“I'm sorry…I just *can't* see that person on the other side of the door right now," Marcy sheepishly admitted. Bonnie hugged her back. She'd never do anything to hurt her vampire girlfriend. She still wanted to know why Marcy was acting like this.

"So, who is that…woman, knocking on the door…of OUR house?" she questioned.

Marcy started explaining. She cleared her throat. "She's my…ex…*before* I met you."

"Oh," Bonnie replied, not knowing what else to say. She wanted to know *more* about this woman, prior to opening the door for her, if she *even* did that, and allowing her to enter their home.

"So," she began, "did this woman hurt you…or anything?"

Marcy twirled her hair nervously. She told the story of how she and this woman had met many years ago, going on trips, and having fun together until she *disappeared.*

Tears ran down her cheeks. "I am…scared," she said, followed by the clincher, "that she'll be prettier than you…and you'll be embarrassed."

Bonnie, who had been cuddling Marcy closely, laughed heartily. She couldn't believe her girlfriend would think someone would be *more* beautiful than her. It seemed like a strange thing for Marcy to say, at least Bonnie thought so.

"OK, Marcy, let's make a bet. If you are right, you have to braid my hair *for a week*, and if I am right, and *I* am more beautiful, then I have to cook meals for a week."

Marcy outstretched her hand. This seemed to be somewhat fair, even though she didn't care much for bets. "Deal." As they shook hands, Bonnie went toward the door.

She whispered to Marcy that if at any time she felt uncomfortable, she could kick out the ex-girlfriend and tell her to *never* contact her again. Breathing deeply, she opened the door while Marcy sat on the couch in anticipation. Unlocking the door, she was shocked by what she saw. Maybe her girlfriend *had a point* about this woman. She blew her away.

"Hi, I'm Vanessa," said the woman. Bonnie did not expect to see a woman dressed in a black leather jacket, pants, and boots, with brown socks inside the boots. What sort of style was that, anyway? Her majestic deep brown hair draped over her shoulders and blew in the wind. Her dark blue eyes stared at Bonnie. She was intently wondering *who* Bonnie was to Marceline.

She then inquired, "and you are?"

Bonnie cheerfully answered. "I'm her girlfriend."

This took Vanessa aback. She had only been on Earth a *couple of months*, interning at O.W.C.A. (Organization Without a Cool Acronym), which she told Marcy *prior* to leaving, from what she remembered. So, it surprised and shocked her to hear that Marcy had a girlfriend. What had gone wrong? What had she done? How could this be?

While she would usually be sarcastic or sharp, what Bonnie said really threw her off her game. She started blushing and remarked "Ok…I…don't know…what to…" She remained at a loss for words.

Bonnie, from what she had observed so far, didn't get how Vanessa could be so harmful as Marcy said. Even so, *on what basis* could she doubt her girlfriend?

She remained skeptical and dryly said "fine, you can come in…*then explain* why you are here."

Marcy and Bonnie looked at Vanessa warily. *Neither* one of them trusted her completely.

Dumbfounded, she asked "how do you have a girlfriend? I told you I'd be gone for *a couple months* doing this internship with a secret spy agency…remember?"

Marcy understood her questions. She still grumbled as she realized that this woman had no conception of time. She snapped angrily. "A couple months? You were gone for HUNDREDS of years, 'Nessa."

Usually, she would be able to keep her cool, but this news completely broke her. *How* could it have been that long?

She racked her brain and started to cry. This was very unlike her. "I am so…so sorry, Marceline…time must move differently here. I wish I could…"

Marcy cut her off. She wouldn't let her ex take any time away from her actual girlfriend. While she *still* felt enraged, she breathed in deeply and exhaled, just as Bonnie had taught her. It would all be better now.

Bonnie gave her a stern look and she knew what that meant. She came close and extended her hand. "OK. Can we be friends?" Vanessa nodded solemnly.

Remembering Marcy's emotions, she never wanted to cross her. Trying to push Bonnie out of the way and maneuver herself to be Marcy's girlfriend would lead to sadness, rage, and regret, the latter *especially* for Vanessa. The best she could hope for would be to remain Marcy's friend. It was bittersweet. She accepted this, and started to come back to her usual habits and mannerisms.

"So, Marcy, what's the haps with playing songs in the Nightosphere…and do you still have that whole goth thing going on?" Shaking her head, Marcy chuckled. She couldn't believe *how out of the loop* Vanessa had been. She couldn't blame her. Being gone for hundreds upon hundreds of years, she had missed out on so many events that trying to recall them would be tedious.

Marcy answered matter-of-factly. "Nah, I'm not really into the whole goth thing anymore…I don't even get that angry or rage-filled anymore…it's all thanks to Bonnie…That punk scene just *isn't for me* any more."

Bonnie giggled. She couldn't believe her girlfriend had given her credit for something like this. It was nice. "I'm as sweet as sweet can be…because I'm the candy queen…er princess."

Vanessa looked at her like she had 1,000 heads. She couldn't understand. Marcy snickered once again. "You silly goose, Nessa, she's the princess of the Candy Kingdom…the one and only Princess Bubblegum."

It clicked for Vanessa. She *never* thought Marcy had feelings for her, as she had *never* mentioned "Bonnie" nor "Princess Bubblegum'" back then, from what she could recall. Rolling her eyes, she remarked, "great."

She and Marcy had once been the same height, five feet, 8 inches. But, *now* Marcy was the same height as her new (to her) girlfriend: five feet, 10 inches. This surprised Vanessa since her height *hadn't changed* one bit.

Marcy excused herself to the kitchen. Bonnie scooted closer. She wanted to hear some stories about her girlfriend…back then.

"So…Vanessa, would you like to share any stories…about Marcy…from…back then?"

She scoffed. She couldn't believe she was sitting beside *the girlfriend* of a woman she had dated earlier that summer, in her timeline, and hundreds of years ago, in Marcy's timeline.

"Fine, I'll tell you," she said, grousing. She didn't want to talk to her, *actually*. She almost wanted to leave.

On the other hand, coming all this way hadn't been easy. Her new friends in Danville made sure she could come and go when she pleased. She decided to make it worth her while.

"I somehow found my way in a concert in the nightosphere. I don't remember how I got there, but I loved it so much. I stayed behind after and talked with her a little…and that's how it started."

Bonnie nodded. How she had met Marcy had been similar. She thought back to how they met, lived together in harmony for a while, and later moved apart when she became more dedicated to managing the Candy Kingdom. She could not forget how Marcy performed a song which *ended* their relationship. That was all in the past now. They were together *now* and never to be apart from each other again.

"Did you know I'm completely made of candy?" Bonnie said, snickering. She wanted to mess with Vanessa's head. As soon as Vanessa began to open her mouth, Marcy walked in triumphantly.

"Pizza's ready!" she shouted. She had *completely* mellowed out from her outburst at Vanessa earlier. Keeping in anger at her would solve *nothing*. She had Bonnie now and didn't, at all, mind having Vanessa over for company.

She handed each of them small plates made of wedding china, then put slices of pizza on each plate. This impressed Vanessa, as she never knew that Marcy would be so…fancy.

Bonnie snickered. "Yeah, we found these plates in a dump somewhere…and me and Marcy repaired them…they are great, right?"

Marcy sat down next to them and grabbed a tomato out of a basket she had been carrying, sucking out all the red color, making it greyish and unappealing to all, except for Bonnie, who cared little about what color tomatoes were. They retained their taste, so who cared? Who *cared* about silly stuff like that, anyway? She had a garden now, tended by her, and used technology that Bonnie had perfected.

All this shocked Vanessa. She couldn't believe her eyes. "Since when…" she began, struggling to form her words, "did you become a cook?...and how are you able to act so calm…I…don't get it"

Marcy chuckled. Clearly, her brown-haired friend hadn't changed one bit.

"Bonnie is helping me a lot with making sure I'm more even-keeled…and 'Nessa, I bet you are still a bad cook…I'm only OK right now, I'm learning more all the time."

"Just don't make any cookies or sweets!" Bonnie remarked.

Marcy teased her. "Sure…you're all the sweetness I need, cutiepie." She snuggled with her, sweetly, and hugged her tightly.

Vanessa couldn't help herself. She blurted out "aw."

Marcy jested her. "Oh, our blue-eyed friend here… is getting soft on us…where's the punk energy?"

Vanessa blushed. Her face turned scarlet.

She hadn't meant to call Bonnie and Marcy cute, at least not openly. She tried to say something, then Bonnie comforted her.

"It's all okay…don't worry…we won't judge you."

This made her feel a little better about herself.

They continued to bond together, whether singing together, talking about their *dads*, strange animals (like Perry the Platypus), and their wild adventures. Even though they had been apart for so long, they still had a connection.

Bonnie was glad to see Marcy connecting with one of her old friends, after all this time. Before long, Vanessa said she had to get back to her world, noting that she had *an orange-haired girl* there who she had to see before it was too late. Marcy could understand. They said their goodbyes.

As Vanessa went back to Earth, Marcy began to cry. That might be the last time she *ever* saw her. Perhaps that was fine. Even if she never returned, she'd *always* remember her, as a person who was sarcastic, sharp, and cared about her reputation. And that was OK. Some good things never last.

End Notes

Height estimates from Reddit, although some say she is 6'2"- 6'4" according to Reddit while summarizing some content from JAGM's complete Adventure Time Chronology. According to Vanessa's fandom page, she is 5'8" which is the same height as Candace Flynn!

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